OUR NATIONAL LITERATURE.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS AND CON-TRASTS OF AMERICAN AND ENGLISH POSTRY.

Extracts From a Paper Read by John W. Apple, Esq., Before the Cliosophic Society. Laucaster, Pa., Friday, the Fifth of March, 1886-The Wholesome Tone of American Verse.

Prof. Edward Dowden says American Ilterature is only a little enclosed " Paradise of European culture," quite hedged in from the "howling wilderness of Yankee democracy:" that Longfellow, Irving, Bryant and Lowell are Europeans except in the accident of citi-zenship; that aside from the works of Em-erson and Wait Whitman, a chapter upon American literature would be of necessity,

"not a criticism, but a prophecy."

It must be admitted, indeed, that our literature has not defined itself as that of Engiand has. Nor could it be expected, any more than we would look for the character of youth to be defined like that of manhood old age. Our country is still in its youth ; it is making history rather than interpreting it; it is passing through what may called a formative period-

"All the means of action. The shapeless masses, the materials, Lie everywhere about us;" and we cannot look for a clearly defined national literature until this period is passed

and our nationality becomes complete.

But to the extent that our nationality is formed have we not produced a national literature? Chaucer was distinctively a national poet, although the English nation was then only in the early stages of its growth. A distinct nationality is a different thing from a complete nationality. So a distinct national ilterature is a different thing from a complete national literature. And we may contend that we have a national literature, although it has not yet come to perfection.

Edmund Clarence Stedman, a better au-thority than Professor Dowden, says: "The literary product of this new people differs from the literary product of the English or of any other people of the old world, but not as the product of Italy is Italian, of France, French." We are not to look for "absolute novelty in structure, language or theme," but for an Americanism which is "disbut for an Americanism which is "dis-played in quality of tone and in faithful ex-pression of the dominant popular moods."

His verdict is: "A reverent feeling, eman-cipated from dogma and inbued with grace, underlies the wholesome morality of our na-tional poets. No country has possessed a group equal in talent that has presented more willingly whatsoever things are pure, lovely and of good report."

Glaneing somewhat externally at our liter-ature, we find that our country has been by no means backward in authorship. Almost the entire domain of letters has been tray-

the entire domain of letters has been trav

ersed.

If we go to the realm of theology we find an abundance of writers, with Eliot, Williams, Edwards, Hopkins, Channing, Schaff, Nevin and others. The theological was our first literary development. One of the first issues of the press at Cambridge in 1639 was the "Bay Psalm Book," Then followed tracts on witcheraft, wonders of the invisible world, &c., &c. If we turn to our statesmen and orators, we are confronted with an esand orators, we are confronted with an especially numerous group, with Otis, Adams, Henry, Hamilton, Jefferson, Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Everett, Choate, Seward, Summer, Garrison, Phillips and others—an entirely new galaxy in the heavens. If we go to the field of poetry we see Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell and other lesser lights. And so on, in all the various realms of literature, in philosophy, in history, jurisprodence, fiction, journalism—wherever we look there is a prolific growth of writers. Especially in these latter days has the American pen been at work, so much so, indeed, that as a people we are beginning to feel like praying to be delivered from the daily deluge of books.

THE TONE OF OUR LITERATURE.

THE TONE OF OUR LITERATURE. Viewed, now, more especially with refer-ence to the tone or spirit of our literature, it may be said in a general way that it por trays a peculiarly pure, happy and healthful picture of human life, whether viewed in the light of the present world or the here-

The atmosphere is clear and bright-no London fog obscures the vision or oppresses the feeling. Vice and misery are not so much our themes as virtue and happiness. Man's dignity and high destiny are held up lor our contemplation, not his shame and in-lamy. Lofty ideals are set before us as ca-pable of being realized in the life of the humblest. No cruel theories, which tell us that the weak must die, that the strong may live ; that the millions must toil and weep that the few may be happy, or that popula-tion is increasing too rapidly for the supply of food, fiere blight the infant at the very hour of its birth. The curse of sin does not

as yet rest so heavily upon us.
Longfellow's "Paalm of Life" and his
"Excelsior" strike the key-note.
The humblest of God's creatures is taught that he can be " a hero in the strife," that

" Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives subilme, And departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time."

"Excelsior" is still a loftler strain, as it comes down to us from the Alpine heights, calling us up higher and higher in life's various struggles. It typifies man's triumph and victory in death, and "Excelsior" is found alike upon the lips of boyhood, youth, man-hood and old age, in all conditions and spheres of life, as one obstacle after another, even death itself, is surmounted, until the retrain is caught up in another world. Wha picture more beautiful is found anywhere:

"There in the twilight, cold and gray, Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay, And from the sky, serene and far, A voice fell, like a falling star, Excelsion

The same poet sings : " Above thy head, through rifted clouds, there

glorious star. Be patient. Trust thy star!" In the same strain sweet Whittier sings "Ab, well, for us all some sweet by the lies beeply buried from human eyes; And, in the hereafter, angels may kell the stone from the grave away!"

What a serene and beautiful faith in the reality of the spirit world in Longfellow! In "Resignation":

Resignation "Resignation":
"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!

She is not dead—the child of our affection— But gone unto that school Where she no longer needs our poor protection, And Christ himself doth rule.

He believed : The spirit-world around this world of sense Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere Watts through these earthly mists and vapors

dense A vital breath of more ethereal air." These are plants grown on American soil

they are thoughts wrought out from American life. They were not produced in other lands, because the conditions were not present. Man, downtrodden and oppressed, could not utter them.

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LONGFELLOW AN AMERICAN. We are aware that some critics contend that Longfellow belongs to England rather than to America. Others claim him to be French, because he stole " The Old Clock on the Stairs" from an old French author Others still assert that he caught the inspira-tion of the "Psalm of Life" from Gothe, tion of the "Psalm of Life" from Gothe, and that "Hiawatha" is simply an old Scandinavian legend. But these criticisms are unjust. It might as well be said Virgit plagiarized Homer, and Milton Virgit Gothe charged Byron with having stolen the conception of "Manfred" from "Faust"; yet Byron disclaimed having read Faust before he had written "Manfred," and no one would claim that Byron belonged to Germany because he produced something somewhat in the same line with Gothe.

Yes, he is ours, although he sang his songs

what in the same line with Gothe.
Yes, he is ours, although he sang his songs at heaven's gate in unison with the great masters of other climes.
His waths is American in scene and story.
How beautifully the Indian story ripples along to the music of laughing waters! Yes, he is ours

who, to the music
Of the bemlock and the pine,
Bet the old and tender story
Of the loru E rangeline.

"All the hearts of men were softened By the pathos of his music; For he sang of peace and freedom, Sang of beauty, love and longing; Sang of death, and life undying In the islands of the Blessed, In the kingdom of Ponemah in the land of the hereafter."

A DIFFERENT VOICE. How different the voice from England : "We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our life
is rounded with a sleep."

"but what am I†
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry."

"Thou madest death ; and lo, thy foot

Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss, To dance with death, to beat the ground," Ac. To dance with death, to beat the ground," Ac.

"Dead, long dead!
Long dead!
Long dead!
And my heart is a handral of dust,
And the wheels go over my head,
And my bones are shaken with pain,
For into the shallow grave they are thrust,
Unly a yard beneath the street,
And the hoots of the horses beat, beat,
The hoots of the horses beat;
Beat into my scalp and my brain,
With never an end to the stream of passing leet,
Driving, hurrying; marrying, burying,
Clamor and ramble, and ringing and clatter,
And here beneath it is all as bad,
For I thought the dead had peace, but it is not

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean Tears from the depth of some divise, despair, &c.

What weird pictures!
Look, also, at Longfellow's picture of the
independent American laborer as we find
him in "The Village Blacksmith":

"His brow is wet with bonest sweat, He carns whate'er he can, And looks the whole world in the face, For he owes not any man.

"He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice. "It sounds to him like her mother's voice Singing in Paradise "Ac., &c.

Contrast this with the picture drawn by poor Burns : or Burns;

"See yonder poor, o'er-labour'd wight,
So abject, mean and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurm,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn."

TYPES OF NATIONAL CHARACTER. We find no such pictures in America. The masses here are too happy and contented.

The English character is naturally savage, ferocious—and, shall I say, brutal—in tendencies. It stfords a thrill of pleasure to

tendencies. It sfords a thrill of pleasure to see Lady Macbeth trying to wipe the blood stains from her hands, and Lady Jane Gray's head severed on the block.

In the language of another:

"A threatening fog veils the English mind like their sky; and joy, like the sun, only pierces through it and upon them strongly and at intervals." "The free and full development of the pure nature, which in Greece and Italy ends in the painting of beauty and happy energy, ends here in the painting of ferocious energy, agony and death." One need not read far in English lore to learn the truth of these words.

The trail of the Edda and Beowulf crops The trail of the Edda and Beowulf crops out all along the line of English literature. It is in Hamlet and Manfred and Maud and Queen Mary and the Ancient Mariner. We have shaken off this nightmare. Contrast Emerson and Carlyle. The latter caustic, cruel, bitter and cold : the former

gentle, mild and cheerful as a sunbeam Emerson says: "Here no history, or church or state is interpolated on the divine sky and the immortal year." It is said of him that he has a veneration for the ideal of the race which recalls the beautiful sentimen of Malebranche—" When I touch a human hand I touch heaven." Our literature differs no less from the sen suous productions of the Southern nations of Europe than it does from the weird and Europe than it does from the weird and doomy inspirations of England. May it not be said then that our literature

May it not be said then that our literature is, or is to become, a happy medium between the two, as it is and will be developed and quickened in the genial atmosphere of this land of freedom and equality?

As Longfellow gives us a pure and lofty conception of human life, Bryant gives us a fresh view of nature as she disclosed her beauty in new forms in the new continent.

The Englishman connects patters with beauty in new forms in the new continent.

The Englishman connects nature with
man. Tennyson from the contemplation of

"For men may come and men may go, But I go on forever,"

Mr. Ruskin sees no beauty in nature' Mr. Ruskin sees no beauty in nature's shorn of historic interests. After picturing a beautiful scene in the Jura, he says: "It would be difficult to conceive a scene less dependent upon any other interest than that of its own secluded and serious beauty; but the writer well remembers the sudden blankness and chill which were east upon it when he endeavored in order more streits. when he endeavored, in order more strictly to arrive at the sources of its impressiveness when he imagined it, for a moment, a scene in some aboriginal forest of the new continent. The flowers in an instant lost their light: the river its music; the hills became oppressively desolate; a heaviness in the boughs of the darkened lorest showed how much of their former power had been de pendent upon a life which was not theirs how much of the glory of the imperishable or continually renewed creation is reflected from things more precious in their memories than it in its renewing. Those ever spring-ing flowers and ever flowing streams had been dyed by the deep colors of human endurance, valor and virtue; and the crests of the sable hills that rose against the evening sky received a deeper worship, because their foreshadows fell eastward over the iron wall of Joux and the four-square keep o

Bryant saw the infinite in the vast Ameri-in forest, where the foot of civilized man can forest, wher had never trod :

"Father, Thy hand Hath reared these venerable columns, But thou art here.

Thou fill'st
The solitude, Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees. In music. Nature, here, In the tranquility Thou dost leve,

injoys thy presence. Eternal Love doth keep In his complacent arms the earth, the air, the

Bryant sang from a pure love of nature. His song is unadulterated with the meta-physical speculation of Wordsworth, and he is the truer poet. True art is an end in itself. A moral spoils a tale, and when poetry is used primarily to teach philosophy or science, it ceases to be poetry. We once asked Prof. Nevin whether the

We once asked Prof. Nevin whether the "Ancient Mariner" was meant to give us a picture of man's tall and redemption, as is sometimes supposed, and whether the poet had any special object in the tale; he promptly said no; he wrote it because he had to. So it is with all true poetry. The inspiration comes and it must find utterance, so it was with Bryant.

WHAT IS INDIGENOUS.

New England's Contribution the Most Induen tial and Characteristic. From the New York World.

It is a fortunate thing that the literature of a country does not depend upon the imme-diate current production. It would be a very uncertain and vascillating quantity if such were the case. Whatever is written and is worth keeping becomes fixed capital and is indestructible. The amount is necessarily comulative, and it is a foregone conclusion that one of these days the people of this country will have a national literature of sufficient substance and symmetry to give t a distinctive character. Of course we have a part interest in the literature of England and, in this age of translations, not a little share in what is thought and printed in other tongues, but we may look forward to the time when our posterity will have a literary property unmistakable its own, and one worth having. What it is to be is largely a matter of conjecture. At present we have only an irregular and internitiont sories of comparatively few foundation stones on which the future structure is to be

reared.

A literature which bears the stamp of nationality must be indigenous, and in some sense, either definable or undefinable, repre-sontative. It must have reference to locality. The environment suggests something which other environments do not, and it is the one The environment suggests something which other environments do not, and it is the one who gives expression to this suggestion, whatever it is, that is the native writer in prose or verse. Thus it is not the deep thinker who exercises the controlling influence in giving shape and character to the literature of a people. It is the one who unconsciously seizes the spirit of the place and time and gives voice to what is present though indistinct in the minds of ordinary men and women. These utterances strike the popular chord at once, capture the mind and heart, and, however simple and homely, become firmly imbedded in the national literature. Here lies the strength of Burns, of Scott and Dickens. Such men leave a charm ever after on their surroundings which was not there before. Many who walk in the higher and more difficult paths of thought are representative also, but they have smaller constituencies.

Judged from this standpoint, what true literary roots are making their way in our soil? Irving has done something towards making the Hudson classic ground, and Bret Harte has lent an interest to the Sierras. Cable,

though not fully indorsed, has certainly improved New Orleans in this respect; and can we not say that Miss Murfree in an humble way has laid the Tennessee mountains under obligations? Best represented of all is New England with respect to life, thought and scenery. Longfellow and Emerson will always hold firm places in our national literature, however it may be moulded hereafter. Bryant, perhaps, is our most distinctively American poet. Howells and James as novellust respectively represent something not elsewhere to be found. Numerous other contributions to the growing but infant mass, of more or less importance, will suggest themselves to the reader, most of which have peculiarities that testify to a lack of homogeneity and serve to mark the imperfect progress made towards a coherent American literature as a whole.

These contributions, those from New England being so far the most influential, point in the right direction, but how can there be a well-rounded national literature sentiment until the character of our people has assumed a definite shape? We must necessarily wait. And what is true of literature is true of artistic expressions generally. The season of hurry and adjustment of new elements must

artistic expressions generally. The season of hurry and adjustment of new elements must give place to something like repose before there can be any comprehensive expression of nationality. We must do the best we can with the fragments until the time is ripe for the rest.

The Howells-James School. From the New York Times There are, say, four, not more, of our novelists who turn out their wheaten cake delicately crisp. There is no use of setting your teeth hard on them, or using muscular force for their trituration. They crumble so force for their trituration. They crumble so easily. Our English friends used to find fault with such superfine food, calling them "captain's biscuits," thus implying that as far as they were concerned they preferred the flinty, hard bread of the salior. Wonderful to relate, however, our transatlantic friends have taken kindly to this dainty fare, and now proclaim that they really relish it. One might expatiate at length on this simile. The general character of Mr. Howells's pabulum, not being fruity or luscious, is always assimilable and digestible. There may be little nourishment in it. It makes no bone or fat. It is a light stimulent of the nervous

system—that is, for people of exceedingly delicate organizations.

or fat. It is a light stimulent of the nervous

A Hopeless Minority. From the New York Times. Among the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's many accomplishments not the least is hi ability as a story teller. To much amused listeners he recently told this one about New York drummer. A typical "knight of the grip sack" was detained at a small town in Western New York awhile ago where revival meeting was in progress. He had met a party of convivial friends during hi stay there, and had what is popularly known as "a load on." Nevertheless he drifted into the revival meeting and took a seat well up in front. It was rather close in the church and the warm air was conducive for sleep. The drummer yielded to the drowsy god and after nodding a little sank into a profound slumber and slept through the mi ister's rather long and dry discourse. The audience sang a hymn and the drummer stept on. Then the evangelist began his ad-dress, and wound up his tervid appeal with

is request : "Will all of you who want to go to heaven Please rise."
Every one in the church except the sleepy
When the evangelist asked drummer arose. When the evangelist asked them to be seated one of the brothers in the same pew as the sleeping drummer accident-ally brushed against him as he sat down. The drummer rubbed his eyes, and partially awake heard the last portion of the evange-list's request, which was: "Now I want all of you who want to go to

heli stand up."

The drummer struggled a little, leaned forward unsteadily, and rose from his seat in a dazed sort of way. A sort of suppressed laugh he heard from some of the younger people and an expression of horror he people, and an expression of horror he noticed on the faces of some of the older ones. Steadying himself against the rail he looked at the evangelist an instant and ther

said:
"Well, parson, I don't know just exactly
"Well, parson, I don't know just exactly what we're voting on, but you and I seem to be in a hopeless minority."

She Was Perfectly Lovely.

"What do you think of Miss - ?" asks the blonde young angel as she looks so goodnaturedly into your eyes, with every sign of admiration for the young lady, because she wants to find out how you stand on the sub-

"Oh, I don't know. I've never thought much about her."
"I think she's so sweet and so bright; and she is very clever, is she not "Well, she's very nice, and she's rather t

clever woman,"
"That was a lovely poem she wrote, wasn't "To be frank, I didn't read it. What was

it about?"

"Well, I didn't read it myself, but I heard them talking about it. I did not think she was particularly clever."

"I don't think she is."

"And she puts on so many airs. I think clear paonle are always modest."

clever people are always modest."

And the dear young traud looks at you, as much as to say, "Don't you think I'm modest?"

"" "Some of these." Some of them." " Do you think she' pretty "Well, no. Her nose is too long."
"Yes, and her chin's out of proportion, and you know, of course, she has a very bad com-

plexion. They say she's pretty, and bright, and clever, but, of course, I only speak for myself: I never saw anything to make so much fuss about in her." And she's got everything she wanted to say off her mind and she's perfectly happy.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes takes a dee nterest in the movement to protect birds rom slaughter. "I am myself," he says more than tolerant of the somewhat in trusive intimacy of the English sparrow. No other birds outside of the barnyard let me come so near them—not even the pigeons. But still more am I indebted to the gulls and ducks, who during a large part of the year are daily visitors to the estuary of the Charles, on which I look from my library windows. I wish they could be protected by law, and if law cannot or will not do it, that public opinion would come between thom and their murderers. Not less, certainly, do I feet the shame of the wanton destruction of our singing birds to feed the demands of a barbaric vanity."

JUST AS HE WROTE IT. In Drumore our old canowingo school pned auguest 17 1885 and closed March the 15 1886 in which we had a well filled school house our worthie young Teacher Mis Laura L. Hess which we all love and respect she is a mother to us in kindnes and said by viser es of the schools to have the best school in the Township she is a dauter of the well noeing and much respected Jack Hess in the Lore end the were 7 of us maid full time and 2 of us Lost one day for wich she give is val-lible presants my averige report is 100 to 98 this is my 4 teram of school and has not mist

a day
I trust I will be able soon to gather you all the news of this sexion from SAMUEL M. HESS.

"CUT, CUT, BERIND !" Vhen shnow und ice vas on der ground, Und merry shieigh-bells shingle ; Vhen Shack Frost he yas peen around, Und makes mine oldt ears tinglehear dhose rogish gamins say,
"Let shoy pe unconfined!" I'nd dhen dhey go for etry shleight,

Und yell, " Cut, cut pehind ! It makes me shust feel young some more, To hear dhose youngsters yell, Und eef I don't vas shtiff und sore, Py shings ! I shust vould-vell, Ven some oldt pung vas coomin py, I dink I'd feel inclined

To shump righdt in abou der shiy, Und shout, "Cut, cut pehind !" I mind me vot mine fader said Vonce, vhen I vas a poy,
Mit meeschief alvays in mine head,
Und fool off life und shoy:
"Now, Hans, keep off der shleighs," says he,
"Or else shust bear in mind,
I dake you righdt across mine knee,

Und cut, cut, cut pehind ! Vell, dot vas years und years ago, Vell, dot vas years and years ago,
Und mine young Yawcob, too,
Vas now shkydoodling droo der shnow,
Shust like I used to do:
Und vhen der pungs coom py mine house,
I shust peeks droo der plind,
Und sings oudt, "too id, Yawcob Strauss,
Cut, cut, cut, cut pehind!"
—Charles Follen Adams, in Harper's Magazine
for April.

LEAVES FROM AN OLD DIARY. SCHORS OF THE TIMES THAT SEVERE LY TRIED MEN'S SOULS.

Mustered Out of Service, but Unable to Ge Home-A Glorious Nap Disturbed by Bushwhackers-Saved by a Woman's Wit and a Band of Sherman's Augels-Home Sweet Home

Atlanta having been captured by General Sherman's army, and my three years' ser-vice having expired, I called upon Lieut Tracy, commissary of musters, to muster me out of service, on the 3d of October, 1864. He began to do so, but before the blanks were half filled up a squad of men belonging to my regiment drew up in front of the commissary's tent for the same purpose. I told Lieut. Tracy I was in no hurry, and at once waived my claim to priority in favor of the These were mustered out in due form, and the commissary was about to finish my papers when an order from headquarters was received to "pack up everything, instantly, and prepare to move to the rear."

There were rumors a day or two before that the rebel general, Hood, had moved his army around Atlanta and was tearing up the railroad at Big Shanty, north of Marietta, with a view of cutting off Sherman's supplies. The rumor proved to be true. How Sherman pursued the rebels until they had crossed the Tennessee river on their great dash at Nashville, and how, after they crossed that stream, he left them to the tender mercies of Gen. Thomas, while he wheeled about and made his march to the sea, is history, with which I have nothing to do here. It is sufficient to say that after a tedious march of ten days north from Atlanta we reached Rome, Ga., where I received my final muster-out and discharge from the army; but Gen. Hood still being in our rear, I was requested by Gen. Carlin to remain on duty and assist in the transportation. This I did for five days more, when we camped on the 18th on the Lafayette road near the little town of Villanow.

Here it was that Sherman ordered all dis charged soldiers, all convalescents-men, mules and horses-all unnecessary or unser viceable commissary and quartermaste

viceable commissary and quartermaster stores, to be removed to Chattanooga, while he made his grand march through the very centre of the Confederacy.

On army of discharged and convalescent soldiers was not so large as Sherman's, by long odds, and yet we were a caravan of no mean dimensions, and I suppose occupied a mile or more in length, marching in as close order as the officer in charge could keep so heterogenous a command.

order as the officer in charge could keep so heterogenous a command.

Being no longer a soldier, I did not care to carry my sword, so I had it locked up in one of the feed-boxes; and there being, presumably, no enemies in the vicinity—and if there were any the boys were all armed—I had disposed of my revolver by locking it in my mess-chest, which I was taking home with me as a souvenir of the war.

The day's march was a tresome one, and it was near sunset before we reached the it was near sunset before we reached the farm of Henry Mack and parked.

FORAGING AT HENRY MACK'S FARM. The farm appeared to be well stocked, and the boys" at once helped themselves to whatever they wanted. Chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys were confiscated by who ever could catch them; pigs, sheep and calves were shot, and slaughtered and cooked; the mules and horses were fed from Mr. Mack's stacks, and everyone connected with the caravan appeared to be gay and happy. I was among the last to get into camp, but reached it in time to see that the boys were making themselves comfortable. Mr. Mack's house was on the south side of the road and stood back from it more than a

hundred yards, and was reached by a lane leading to it from the road. I strolled down the lane towards the house and met Mr. Mack, atall lean elderly man, with a rather Mack, atall lean elderly man, with a rather wo-begone expression of face.

"Colonel," said he. (nobody down south at that time was supposed to rank lower than colonel) "can't you save me what little there is left of my property; your soldiers have taken almost everything I own. I am a Union man and have a protection paper' signed by Gen. Thomas," and he pulled it from his pocket and showed it to me. It was genuine.

me. It was genuine.
I told Mr. Mack that I was not a colonel, nor even a soldier; that I had been discharged and although I were an officer's uniform I had no more authority over the men who had appropriated his property than he had. Most of the men, also, were discharged soldiers, belonging to many different regiments, and were probably without officers to re-strain them. About the only consolation I could give Mr. Mack, was to hold on to his

"protection papers," and if he was a good Union man, Uncle Sam would some day make good his losses—perhaps. In the meantime if my shoulder-straps could be of any service to him in keeping the boys out of the house, I would give him the benefit He thanked me, invited me into the house and introduced me to two or three of his daughters, who were as lean and almost as tall as himself. He told me all he had left was his beds and

bedding, some cooking utensils, table cut lery and queensware, and a barrel of sorghum I asked him if he could give me a bed, and e said he would be only too glad to do so.

MR. MACK'S FARM HOUSE, Mr. Mack's house was a peculiar structure unlike any I have seen North, though I saw a number of them down in Dixie. It was a double two-story frame, about forty feet front, without cellar, and there was a wagon drive right through the middle of it. It had windows, but no doors either front or back but on either side of the wagon-drive were doors leading into the respective apartments.

Mr. Mack's few remaining valuables were soon stored in the room on the west side of the wagon-drive, and I was given charge of them. The room had a good bed in it, and three or tour chairs. I talked with Mr. Mack and his family until it was quite late, though orders had been issued that the troops and train would move at 3 a. m.

MY COMPORTABLE BED-ROOM, It was not until the family had bade m good night and retired to the other side of the house, that I noticed there was no door to my room. The opening was there but the door had never been hung, and anyone could step from the covered wagon-drive right into the room. For a moment I wished I had my revolver; but when I came to think that I was surrounded by Union soldiers, the wish vanished and I resolved to have a good night's rest, taking the precaution to place three chairs, turned over on their side, one above the other, in the open door-way, so that if any foragers should happen to come around they could not get in without making a noise that I would be ant to bear.

apt to hear.

1 had not slept in a bed for a long, long time—a year or more. I pulled off my coat and boots only, and tumbled in. How I did revel in that bed! I stretched my arms wagon, or under a wagon, or on the lid of a mess-chest, or on two rails, or on the frozen or muddy ground, as I, in common with hundreds of thousands of others had so often done! And there was a pillow on the leaders. done! And there was a pillow on the beddone! And there was a pillow on the bed—a feather pillow! I was so delighted with my quariers, that I could not get to sleep for a long time. I crawled all over the bed, so that I might enjoy every square inch of it; and fancy carried me to even a better bed that awaited me at home, which I would reach in a very few days! And in this blissful frame of mind I tell asieep.

And I sleep soundly—and long.

And I slept soundly—and long.

I was awakened by the clatter of hoofs, as a horseman galloped down the lane and reined up his horse in the wagon-drive, almost at the door-way of my room.

A PRAISEWORTHY LIE. "Wasn't there a Yankee officer stopped here last night?" said the horseman, sharply. There was a momentary pause, and then I heard Mr. Mack say, very slowly, and as if he would rather not say it,

"Yes, sir, there was, and
"Yes, there were several of them here,"
chimed in one of the daughters, interrupting
her father, "but they have done gone; they
went off with the other soldiers at 3 o'clock,

went off with the other soldiers at 3 o'clock, towards Chattanoogs."

I had crept noislessly out of bed, the moment the horsoman had reined in his steed. Instinctively I believed him to be an enemy, and was convinced of it when I heard the words spoken by the old man and his daughter. I had overslept myself, and all my comrades had left the premises and were miles ahead on their way to Chattanooga;

and I was alone, unarmed, and in the clutches of rebel bushwackers.

These thoughts passed through my brain in a twinkling as I pulled on my boots and coat, and grasped, as my only means of defense, a light stick which I had used the day before as a walking stick.

"Yes," said the girl, "there were several of them here, but they have done gone; they went with the other soldiers at 3 o'clock towards Chatanooga."

"God bless that girl," was my mental prayer.

"Dann the luck," said the horseman; and then added, "Are there any other houses and then added, "Are there any other houses near here?"

"Yes," said the girl, "there is one a very short distance down the road, and I think some of the officers stopped there."

Wheeling his horse quickly around, the horseman dashed off at full speed and was soon out of the lane and galloping down the main road, towards the other house.

Then Mr. Mack leaned over the chairs with which I had barricaded the door-way, and said to me in a whisper.

"Stranger, you had better be getting out of this; that man means you no good."

"Is he a rebel soldier?" I asked.

"He is one of our people," replied the old man, "and means you no good; and he is not alone; he has companions."

"Our people," said I, repeating the old

"Our people," said I, repeating the old nan's words; "that is, they are bush-The old man said nothing, but his daughter

said:
"It won't be safe for you to take the road.
Go through this field and through the woods
beyond. You will not be far from the road, and will be out of sight of the men who are

and will be out of sight of the men who are looking for you."

Thanking the Macks for the kindness shown me, I emerged from the room and entered the field. It was over-grown with rank weeds, many of them towering above my head. A very heavy dew had fallen, and every weed in my path shook down the pearly drops upon me. Before I was half way through the field, which was a very large one, I was wet from head to foot, and shivering with cold. At last I reached the woods, and hurried through it for some distance. In the darkness I was impeded by undergrowth, and every now and then I would step upon rotten boughs, which breaking under my weight, made a cracking report that sounded to my strained ears as loud'as pistol shots. O, how disgusted I was with myself. To think that I had passed through three years of service, almost without a service, head here heads and the passed displacement. through three years of service, almost without a scratch, had been honorably discharged and was within a few days of home—within arm's reach almost of wife, and children, and triends—when like a fool I had laid aside my arms—had been stupid enough to act as overslept myself, and was now shivering and snaking with cold, and wandering in the woods through thorns and brambles and briers, trying to save my precious throat from being cut, or my brains blown out by bushwackers. I knew I richly deserved such a fate; but I couldn't bear the thought of it. Had I died of disease or been killed in battle, before being mustered out of service, I thought I wouldn't have minded it much; but to have the top of my head blown much; but to have the top of my head blown off by a rifle shot, or to be punched through the body with a bayonet, or have my throat cut with a bowie knile on the hands of a cut with a bowie knife on the hands of a bushwacker, in the midst of a forest, where my remains would never be found—this was too much! I stopped a moment and kicked myself. Then the herrible thought came into my mind, that if the bushwackers got me and my body was not found, I would be suspected of having deserted my wife and family! The very thought made me shudder.

der.
My firm resolve was at once taken: "Beter die ou the road than in the middle of i

ter die ou the road than in the middle of a big woods," and I struck out in the direction in which I thought the road lay.

I had a long walk before I reached it, and day was now beginning to dawn. Not a sound was heard except that made by my own feet. Keeping as much as possible in the shadow of the woods, I peered up the road and down the road, and seeing nothing, hurried torward on a run, and had pering, hurried toward on a run, and had per-haps placed two or three miles between Mack's farm and myself, when through the mist of the morning I espied two horsemen just going over the brow of a hill in front of me. They and their horses appeared to be just going over the brow of a hill in front of me. They and their horses appeared to be of gigantic stature; but that I knew was only an optical illusion, caused by the vapory mist of the morning. As soon as the horsemen disappeared behind the brow of the hill I hurried forward cautiously until I also reached the top of it, when, as I expected, the horsemen were in view leisurely ascending a hill beyond. I did not doubt then, and do not doubt now, that they were the men who expected to capture me at Mr. Mack's house.

MEETING ANGELS UNAWARES. While secretly watching them from the edge of a copse by the roadside, I was earing voices but a short tance off. I secreted myself behind a tree, took a very long breath, and looked and listened.

" How did you make out " asked one o the party. There were eight or ten of them, each dressed in blue uniform and carrying rifle. "I got along first-rate," was the reply;
"I took the old reb's mare and coit, had a
good ride all day, and then sold them for \$25.
Not long afterwards I picked up a mule and

"Hello, boys," said I, stepping out into "Hello, boys," said I, stepping out hits the road; "you are on your way to Chatta-nooga, I suppose, and, like me, overslept yourselves. The rest of the boys are not far ahead; we'll soon overtake them," and I joined the gang. They "eyed me" rather suspiciously, but saluted me in true soldier style.

joined the gang. They "eyed me" rather suspiciously, but saluted me in true soldier style.

They were a band of straggiers, and had been out on a private foraging expedition, gathering in whatever they could lay their hands on. Not one of them belonged to my regiment; but as I looked into their faces I thought they were the handsomest men I had ever seen—if, indeed, they were not angels, sent to rescue me from the hands of the bushwhackers! No matter who they were or what they had been doing, I was glad to claim them as comrades. I knew the bushwhackers had no business with that party. Right cheerily we marched on together and ere long overtook the train, and before noon reached Ringgold, and the same night Chattanooga, and next day Nashville, and next Louisville and on to Pittsburg, and next day "home sweet home."

The reader must not suppose, however, that the journey from Ringgold to Lancaster, was made without many an annoying and more than one startling incident—which may some of these days be made the subject of another sketch.

J. M. J.

another sketch.

A Critic Comes to Grief.

From the New York Mail and Express. A well known society lady with a pen chant for art, who was one of the liberal buyers at the recent Morgan sale of paintings, was a visitor one day last week at the marvellously realistic panorama of the battle between the Merrimac and the Monitor. Put-ting her glass to her eye she surveyed the brilliant canvas, and then with the air of a

connoisseur said

"The water effect is charming, but the picture is extremely weak in detail. The boat there in the foreground, for example, is frightfully out of drawing.

She was gazing at a real boat lying at the foot of the canvas and didn't know it.

Jacob Hartman! Answer to Your Name. GALLITZIN, Pa., March 17, 1886.

V. U. Hensel, Esq., Lancaster, Pa. : DEAR SIR .- I wish you to advertise in your paper for a man by the name of Jacob Hartman, who was married to Mary Ber tram. The last account I have had of him tram. The last account 1 have had of him was 28 years ago. He was then in your city. If living and he will write to George Bertram, he will get information of vast interest to him and family. Lancaster county papers please copy. Very respectfully,

GEORGE BERTRAM,
Gallitzin, Cambria Co., Pa.

THE MARRIAGE AT CANA Hark! the low timbrel, and molian chime Of harps and reedy pipes! How sweet and

Blithe girlish laughter breaks between ! And hear The feet of dancers stepping all in time They cease ; and now a singer sings a rhyme, And each guest listens with attentive ear ; But who first praises, walking gravely near The Teacher, Christ, with radiant brow sub

No wine!" The bride's regretful eyes grow

dim!
"Water!" the Master cried. All sound was and when the water jars were brought to him, "The conscious water saw its God and blushed!" Oh! never wine like this did ever brun Immortal cups, since first the grape was crushed!

COAL B. B. MARTIN, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

COAL

All Kinds of Lumber and Coal YAED: No. 420 North Water and Prince Streets, above Lemon, Lancaster. n3-lyd BAUMGARDNERS & JEFFERIES.

COAL DEALERS.

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YARDS: North Prince street, near Reading Depot. LANCASTER, PA.

M. V. B. COHO, No. 330 NORTH WATER ST., Lancaster, Pa Wholesale and Retail Dealer in LUMBER AND COAL.

Yard and Office: NO. 230 NORTH WATE STREET feb2sive EAST END.YARD.

COAL. - KINDLING WOOD. Office: No. 20 CENTRE SQUARE. Both yard nd office connected with Telephone Exchange april-lydMar.E -Leonard Wheeler.

C. J. SWARR & CO.

Always Right.

"Who was the oldest man?" saked the teacher. "Methusaleh!" "Correct. Who was the strongest?" "Samson!" "Right. Now, who was the greatest man the world has ever seen?" Prize scholar: Please, sir, I can't just remember his name, but he pitched for the Knockemouts last season and he's just signed with the Rounders for next." HIRSH & BROTHER

MY MARGARET.

My own, my pearl, my Margaret,
When I with thee
Perchance may be,
No thought have we for sad regret,
My little love, my little Margaret.

My own, my pearl; my Marguerite,
A haunting sigh
For days gone by,
Before I found thee, O my sweet,
My little love, my Marguerite.;

My little love, my little love,
My own, my pearl; this steadfast heart
What thou to me
Hast grown to be
Can only mention, love, in part,
My life, my loy, my dearest heart,
—Rachel Laurence.

In the cure of severe coughs, weak lungs, spitting of blood, and the early stages of Consumption, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has astonished the medical faculty. While it cures the severest coughs, it strengthens the system and purifies the blood. By druggists, will-W,8&w

Something new is Dr. HAND's Teething Lotion

Something new is Dr. Hann's Teething Lotion to bathe babies gums. It relieves all pain and is harmless. Price, & cents.

Parents remember Dr. Hann's Cough and Croup Medicine relieves inflammation of the throat and tubes of the lungs and cures cough and croup. Dr. Hand's medicines for sale at Cocnian's drug store, 137 and 139 N. Queen street. Price, 25 cents.

Jenn H. Kimball, of Westfield, Chautauqua Co., N. Y., writes May 20, 1885, that he was suffering with Rheumatic Fever, and had Constipation so bad that many times he went twelve days without an evacuation. Given up by phy-

days without an evacuation. Given up by phy-sicians, he as a last resort took Brandreth's Pills, two every night for seven weeks. Now he is an

entirely well man, and never uses any other medicine for himself or family. He will answer

has been fraught with greater blessings than that which has accrued to the inhabitants of maiarial ridden portions of the United States and the Tropics from the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The experience of many years has but to clearly deprending the afficiency.

has but too clearly demonstrated the inefficier of quinine and other drugs to effectually ex-

and bowels, for general debility and renal in activity, it is also a most efficient remedy. Ap

petite and sleep are improved by it, it expe

heumatic humors from the blood, and enriche

The National Credit is No More

Solidly founded than the reputation of Ben-son's Capcine Plasters. They are, known, ap-preciated and used everywhere in America—ita hospitals and its homes. Physicians, pharma-cists and druggists affirm that for promptness

cists and druggists affirm that for promptness of action, certainty and range of curative qualities they are beyond comparison. Once used their unequalied excellence recommends them. The public are again cautioned against the cheap, worthless and shameless imitations offered by mendacious parties under the guise of similar sounding names, such as "Capicia," "Capsician," "Capsician," "Capsician," "Capsician," "Capsician," Tapsician, "I capsician, and make a personal examination. The genuine has the "Three Seals" trademark and the word "Capcine" cut in the centre, mari3-M, W, Sw

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A Policeman Braced Up.

D. F. Collins, member of police, Seventh ward, Reading, Pa., talks this way: "Suffered severely from rheematism; nothing did me any good till I tried Thomas' Exicetric Oil. It is a pleasure to recommend it." For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 138 North Queen street, Lan-caster.

Why Be Downcast,

Speaks Right Up.

Mrs. Langtry.

Mrs. Langtry.

And other famous women have won a reputation for facial beauty. A fine complexion makes
one handsome, even though the face is not of
perfect mould. Burdock Blood Butters act directly upon the circulation, and so give the skin
a clearness and smoothness otherwise unattainable. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137
and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

Do It With Pleasure

Wanglet Bros., druggists, of Waterioo, lows, write: "We can with pleasure say that Thomas Eelectric Oil gives the best satisfaction of any iniment we sell. Everybody who buys will have no other. This remedy is a certain cure for all aches, sprains, and pains. For sale by II.

B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

A Clergyman's Testimony.

W. E. Gifford, pastor M. E. church, Bothwell, Ont., was for two years a sufferer with Dyspepsia in its worst form, until as he states "life became an actual burden." Three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him, and he tells us in a recent letter that he considers it the best family medicine now before the country for dyspepsia and liver complaint. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

a circulation impoverished by mai-assis

any inquiries.

For the INTELLIGENCER.

My little love, my little love,
My own, my pearl, my Margar

My little love, my little love,

Hofore purchasing elsewhere. WE ARE DETERMINED TO HAVE YOUR PATRONAGE, IF THE

NEW SPRING GOODS

BEST MATERIALS.

LOWEST PRICES

-AT THE-

Will have any effect to that end. Everything to Suit the Times.

SIV : BO YS' SHORT PANTS, Mc., upwards.

BOYS' SUITS, \$1.50, upwards. BOYS' SHIRT WAISTS, 18c., upwards. MEN'S PANTS, 75c., upwards. MEN'S SUITS, \$3.00, upwards, MEN'S SPRING OVERCOATS, M.CO, upwards

MERCHANT TAILORING

SUITS TO ORDER FROM \$10,00 TO \$30,00. PANTS TO ORDER FROM \$2.50 TO \$10,00. Splendid Lines in CHECKS, PLAIDS, etc., to suit all tastes and pockets.

HIRSH & BROTHER'S

ONE-PRICE bat the progress of intermittent, congestive and bilious remittent fevers, while on the other hand, it has been no less clearly shown that the Clothing and Gent's Furnishing House, use of the Bitters, a medicine congenial to the frailest constitution, and derived from purely botanic sources, affords a reliable safeguard against malarial disease, and arrest it when de-veloped. For disorders of the stomach, liver CORNER NORTH QUEEN STREET AND

OPEN EVERY EVENING. WILLIAMSON & FOSTER.

MODERATE PRICES

Many vain attempts are made to repeat the remarkable success of Benson's Capcine Plaster. This splendid remedy is known, sold and used everywhere, and its prompt action and unrivalled curative powers have won for it hosts of friends. Imitations have sprung up under similar sounding names, such as "Capsicin," "Capsicum," etc., intended to deceive the carcless and unwary. These articles possess none of the virtues of the genuine. Therefore we hope the people will assist us to protect what are atonce their interests and ours. Ask for Benson's Plaster and examine what is given you, and make sure that the word "Capcine" is cut in the middle of the plaster titself, and the "Three Seals" trademark is on the face cloth. Any reputable kealer will show you these safeguards without hesitation. If you cannot remember the name—Benson's Capcine Plaster—cut this para grap from the paper. DRESS SHOESI

MEN'S BALMORAL CAP TOE DRESS SHOE, \$1.25. BOY'S BALMORAL DRESS SHOE, 41.00. LADIES' DRESS SHOE, \$1.25. MISSES' DRESS SHOE, \$1.00. CHILDREN'S SHOES, 25c. UPWARDS.

OR SYMMETRICAL PROPORTION, EXACT-NESS TO FASHION AND GENERAL

-IN-

WORKMANSHIP,

There Must be an Open Road between the food we cat and the substance of which our bodies are composed. If the road is clogged or closed we sicken, faint and die. This road is made up of the organs of digostion and assimilation. Of these the stomach and liver are chief. Most people have more or less experience of the horrors of constipation. Prevent it, and all its fearful sequences by using Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy." It is the first step that costs, mario-imcod&w

ARE SOVEREIGN. SPRING SHAPES IN SILK AND FELTS NOW BEADY. SOLE AGENTS FOR DUNLAP & CO.'S FUR

CHILDREN'S

Why Be Downesst,
True, you are in a miserable condition—you are weak, pale and nervous. You cannot sleep at night, nor enjoy your waking hours; yet, why lose heart? Get at the druggist's a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters. They will you to health and peace of mind. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster. KILT SKIRT SUITS, RAPID TRANSIT. The latest and best form of rapid transit is for a person troubled with a sick headache to take a dose of Dr. Leslie's Special Prescription and what a rapid transit train the affliction takes for its departure. See advertisement in another column. \$2.50.

CHILDREN'S COMBINATION KILTS, \$2.50 and \$3.50. CHILDREN'S TWO PIECE KILTS, \$2.50. "Have tried Thomas' Eelectric Oil for croup and colds, and fied it the best remedy I have ever used in my family." Wm. Kay, 510 Ply-mouth Ave., Buttalo, N. Y. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 138 North Queen street, Lancaster, BOY'S LONG PANT SCHOOL SUITS, 45.00.

NEW FASHIONS

MEDIUM-WEIGHT OVERCOATS.

WHITE DRESS SHIRTS

\$6.00, \$5.50, \$8.50, \$2.00.

Reinforced Front and Back, 50 and 75c. The Period-Pitting White Dress Shirt, the Most Du-rable and Easiest Laundried, is "THE KIGH-MIE," \$1.00 each, or \$5.40 per half dozen. Stores Open Every Evening. 65

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LANCASTER, PA.

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LOS PALES AND OF THE PARTY OF T CHEAPEST AND BEST SCARLET UNDERWEAR AT ERISMAN'S.

NO. 17 WEST KING ST. LANGS LANCASTER STEAM LAUNDRY. NO. 300 NORTH ANUM ALLEY.

Gnode collected and delicered the of Collers, Sc.; Cuffs, Ac., pair; shire.